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Milton.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

AH! glorious singer of a mighty song,
Last son, yet well beloved. Calliope
Chose thee to dwell in Homer's company
With him that sang of Troy and Dido's wrong.
The shepherd's crook and lyre to thee belong
The playthings of thy childhood. Muses three,
Together with the grave Melpomene,
Gave thee their rarest gifts. Alas! the strong

And pliant thread of fate waxed weak and thin;
Tumultuous wars disturbed thy solitude
And called thee from thy chosen path. Thy pen
For decades lay untouched. Yet the war's din
And civil tumult seemed but to prelude
Thy greatest work—the song of God and men.

The Origin of the Greek Drama.

THOMAS P. IRVING, '04.

OFTEN it is interesting to study the beginning of great institutions. What now has attained a high degree of perfection may at first have been a chance development of man's natural tendency. Such was the case with the drama. To-day we see it highly developed both from the actor's view-point and as literature. It has reached such a stage in modern times as even to surpass the most sanguine hope of those who witnessed its origin. We are fortunate to have in our language the masterpieces of all dramatic literature. To know something of the influences that may have had a share in the shaping of English drama is almost a necessity. The drama of Ancient Greece is one of these; for it seems that we are warranted in saying that the stamp of the Greek drama has been felt on most of the dramatic literature of modern times.

In general it may be said that drama or imitative action is natural to man. From childhood on the tendency to mimicry is quite evident. Moreover, there is another observation to be made, namely, we seldom if ever speak without using some form of gesture. This may not be true at all times, but whenever a person is moved by passion gesture naturally accompanies speech. Passion, then, being one of the requisites of drama it is clear that gesture, or action of some kind, is almost an absolute necessity for dramatic effect. Hence we see that drama is an institution that must almost of necessity exist among men.

In tracing the origin of the Greek drama we must take tragedy and comedy separately, for although they had a common origin and in their growth ran parallel for a while, yet in the later development the divergence was so great as to form two branches totally distinct. The germ of the Greek drama was in the religious worship of Dionysus. He was the god of wine and was looked upon as a friend of good cheer and an enemy of all that might tend to make man sad or dejected. Naturally he was a great favorite, a sort of "pet god." Four festivals were observed in his honor. The first was the "vintage feast," called also the "Lesser" or "Rural" Dionysia. This was held in the country during the month of December, while the other three took place at Athens during the three months following. It may be conjectured that comedy sprung from the first of these festivals, whereas tragedy was the production of one of the other three or of all combined.

Let us glance at the celebration of the greater Dionysiac festival. At first it is a purely religious ceremony in honor of the jolly wine-god. A large number of persons was

present ready to praise the god of mirth and enjoyment. An altar was erected and around this the immense crowd gathered to send up their hymns of praise. First of all, however, a sacrifice was required. A goat was the victim, and after the sacrifice the gathering or chorus sang a hymn in honor of Dionysus, setting forth some occurrence of his life. It may be said here that in this we find the origin of the word tragedy, for it is derived from the Greek words for "goat" and "song." The revelers then went through a sort of wandering dance while singing their hymn of praise. The words were generally the spontaneous outburst of the moment. This combination of gesture and song was known as the dithyramb. At first the group of dancers went on aimlessly and the performance was the outgrowth of the moment's enjoyment. Later, however, one was selected as a leader. It fell to his lot to systematize the speech and dance of the worshippers. He himself would tell of some deed of the god, and then the chorus by a hymn either of sorrow or joy would comment upon the words of the leader. Here we see the beginning of drama. An adventure is conveyed by action rather than by narration.

We now come to a name that is one of the milestones in the course of the development of the Grecian drama. Arion, who lived about 600 B. C., helped to raise the rude embryo of drama one step higher in its course toward perfection. It was as yet only a shadow, but Arion's work brought it closer to the reality. He it was that gave the hymns in honor of the god a set shape. Heretofore they were but effusions of the moment, but henceforth they were to have a lyrical form.

Another evolution was brought about that tended to develop an important element in drama, namely, characterization. From now on the leader no longer simply narrated the fortunes of Dionysus, but he himself took the part of the god and acted some of the adventures the legend might suggest. The followers were not to be outdone by the leader. The common belief was that Dionysus was surrounded by spirits called satyrs. To come closer to the reality the chorus dressed itself after the wild fantastic fashion of the satyrs. The dithyramb was also revolutionized by Arion. He changed it from a wandering, disorderly dance and gave it a situation that it held more or less perfectly throughout the Greek drama. He reduced the number of persons in the chorus to fifty, and the dance was now performed around an altar in a space called the orchestra. This gave rise to the name, "cyclic chorus."

We notice that a division was made in the lyrics sung by the chorus. A lyric was cut up into strophe and antistrophe. As we said, the altar was placed in the centre of the orchestra or dancing place. In singing the strophe the chorus moved to the right of the altar, and during the singing of the antistrophe it moved back to its first position. If there was another strophe and antistrophe the movement during the singing was made to the left of the altar. If there chanced to be an additional stanza the chorus performed this around the altar. This stanza was called an epode or mesode. As yet the drama for the greater part was merely lyrical. It had a tendency to change to the dramatic, however, and one of the first alterations was the division of the chorus into two parts. This facilitated the carrying on of the dialogue.

Another name now presents itself as marking an epoch in the development of the drama. This was Thespis. He originated the actor. The former leader no longer carried on a dialogue with the whole chorus, but one member of the group was selected and with him the leader spoke. The leader of the chorus, or, as he was also called, the coryphœus, stood on a sort of platform erected near the altar, and when there was an intermission in the song he spoke to the selected member. Here we have the origin of the actor and of the stage. The leader, or, as he was now known, the actor, began to play several parts instead of one *rôle*. In those times the mask took the place of the modern "make-up," and the costume was but a variation of the festival dress. When different characters were represented the mask and costume were changed. For this a tent was erected behind the raised platform.

In the beginning the spectators gathered all around the stage. The tent then hid the actor from the view of those in the rear. Hence the audience from now on was placed in front of the stage and on the sides. Later, the booth gave way to a rude house which served as a background. With the development of the material of the drama there was also a development of the theatre, until the pinnacle was reached in the great theatre of Athens. The advancement of the drama was marked by the fact that the dramatic element grew, while the lyric diminished in importance.

The use of the Greek iambic metre, the introduction of several speaking personages and the transformation of the costume from a festival dress to one suited to the character tended to make the dramatic element paramount.

The introduction of more than one actor has been mentioned, and it was Æschylus that introduced the second. This actor, like the first one, could take on several characters. The poet now had an opportunity of placing before the audience two different and opposing forces. He could have the struggle which is necessary for a plot. He could enlarge the dialogue, and in consequence the dramatic would flourish at the expense of the lyric. From now on the dramatic element is important, and drama has reached a considerable degree of perfection. Sophocles introduced the third actor, and according to Aristotle he first introduced scene painting. As to what is meant by this last word is disputed, but it is thought not to connote anything similar to what the word signifies to-day.

We have now to consider the other division of the drama, namely, comedy. Less is known of its development than of the growth of tragedy. Its origin can be found in the celebration of the Dionysiac festival. While the serious songs of the chorus developed into tragedy, the jovial hymns formed the starting-point of comedy. The revelers having dressed themselves in imitation of birds and beasts carried on a sort of dance known as the phallic dance. This was known as a comus, and from this comedy arose. Later the band divided into several groups and these went about carrying on a kind of raillery against one another. There was in this really a union of two things, the comus and the satire. Up to the time these two kinds of ballad-dance were united, comedy developed the same as tragedy. For a long time before these two were combined they existed side by side. As yet the production is comedy only, but when gesture and satire are combined to form a ridiculing or derisive action, comedy reaches the dignity of a dramatic production. The Megarian farce is probably the first form of comedy. Little, however, is known of it. Susarion is thought to have changed it some, but it may not have been more than to put set speeches in place of what before was impromptu. He may also have used a fixed metre. Later a revival came over Greece and comedy advanced, and we now arrive at the time of the old Attic Comedy. In this Aristophanes is the leader. He is a bitter satirist, especially in the beginning of his career, but later he uses more discretion in the use of his satire on politics, and toward the end personalities have almost faded.

Two other periods of comedy follow, known as middle and new comedy. They mark changes in the matter. The first is less severe, less satirical, than the old attic comedy, and it treats rather of social than political themes. The last of the three marks a period of transition that brings us to a kind of comedy somewhat similar to our own. It is worthy of note that the chorus did not hold the same place in comedy that it did in tragedy. After Aristophanes it was dropped entirely, but comedy did not suffer, for now more attention was paid to plot and characterization. We know little of the comedy of the last two periods, for little of the work has been left us.

A few words upon the chorus may be of interest. The chorus might be called the pet friend of the dramatist. It really acted two parts; it was a part of the cast, and yet at times it was looked upon as an ideal audience. If the actor soliloquized, the members of the chorus were his faithful friends ready to listen to him; again if the dramatist wished to awaken certain sentiments in his audience he would have the chorus affected in the way he desired, and the chorus would help to bring the audience into the same mood. In comedy, for instance, the chorus at times would turn toward the audience, and the leader would deliver a speech called the "parabasis." It was the expression of the satirists' views on contemporary happenings. In later comedy this was not found, for the chorus was discarded.

We have seen what a remarkable evolution took place in the development of the Greek drama. Beginning as a mere hint of the drama it worked itself into dramatic shape before man was scarcely conscious of it. The time required was short. From Thespis, who introduced the first actor, to Sophocles, the master in Grecian dramatic literature but seventy years elapsed. Drama had sprung up among other peoples, but, says Jebb, "the Greeks of Attica were the first people who made drama a complete and beautiful work of art." We have felt their influence; we have profited by their interesting, artistic and highly poetic masterpieces.

A Glove and the Finger Marks.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

Howard Nelson sat moodily in the hotel lobby awaiting the result of an interview with the chief of the Omaha detective force. A few days before he had applied for a position and the enforced idleness that followed did not tend to put him in the best of spirits. His reverie was interrupted by the delivery of a letter from the chief who had held out a promise to him that in the near future there would be "something doing." Nelson started immediately from the hotel, and with a feeling of interest and expectation hurried to the detective headquarters. On arriving there he was ushered into the presence of a stern, gruff-looking officer who said:

"Young man here is work for you; we'll see what you are made of. Mr. Maddock, of 57 Chicago Avenue, was robbed last night of some very valuable silverware. Go down and see what you can do with the case. They will give you information at the house. Remember, I leave the affair wholly in your hands."

Such were the orders that greeted the young aspirant; and receiving a few additional instructions from behind the desk he was off for the field of action.

Fifty-seven, Chicago Avenue, was a handsome residence situated in a most delightful environment, and our ambitious tyro firmly believed that if he succeeded in clearing up this important case his reputation would be as good as made.

A very charming lady met him in an elaborate drawing-room. His belief was further confirmed by the appearance of the mistress and the interior of the apartments. She evidently had been waiting for him, and needed no introduction.

"My husband has gone out," she began in a nervous tone, having apparently not yet recovered from the preceding night's occurrence, "but I'll tell you everything."

To Nelson seated in a lavishly upholstered chair, with note-book in hand, Mrs. Maddock related at length the details of the robbery. But in the way of valuable information the narrations contained little for the young detective. No one of the household had been aroused by the intruders, and with the exception of an empty side-board, and a disarranged dining-room they had left no trace, not even an unlocked door or a broken window. The silverware taken was a great loss; for besides its intrinsic value it was a much-prized heirloom of the family.

"Our friends last night," Mrs. Maddock added, "did not seem to take to the rest of the house. The dining-room only was the scene of their activities; come and examine it. Things are just as they were found. And, detective," she concluded—almost pathetically, Nelson thought,—"I wish you would do your best to recover the missing articles, and be assured that if you succeed your efforts will be rewarded."

Not much gratified at the information obtained but somewhat encouraged by her last words Nelson entered the dining-room. A heap of napkins, broken vases and tableware met his eyes. He jerked off his coat and went to work with a will. The debris and room were examined with the utmost care. In turn the remaining rooms on the first floor came under his scrutiny. The only semblances of a clue were a napkin with a few black marks upon it, and a kid glove which he had found in the hall when leaving. Both of these articles he perhaps absent-mindedly put in his pocket, without attracting the notice of Mrs. Maddock.

"A very mysterious case," he remarked, as he left; but, like a true veteran at the business, he made no vaunting remarks about the outcome of his investigation.

After examining the exterior of the house to no advantage he went directly to his hotel. Once in his room he brought forth the glove and the napkin, and started to look them over. He took up the glove first. It was for the right hand, of fine kid, and of very peculiar color. He did not remember ever having seen a shade like it before. But what was that? The middle finger was partly filled with cotton.

"Ah, I see!" he exclaimed, "the man that wore that glove had but half of a middle finger on the right hand. What other clue?"

He began to think the case not so perplexing after all, but almost as suddenly his hopes fell.

"I am not so sure that that glove belongs to the thief of last night, perhaps it is Mr. Maddock's." He turned to the napkin. "These spots look very much like finger-marks, and see, one is not as long as the other. Oh! I see it now; these are the finger-

marks of the owner of that glove who has half of a middle finger missing. And that looks very much like lampblack, too, off the scoundrel's dark lantern. He was not a bit clever. I'm by far a better detective than he was a thief. It is all as plain as day, now. But what's to be done next? The fellow is not caught yet. Find out the owner of that glove and all will be up. But there's the rub."

He examined the glove again. On the inside was stamped, Morris and Co., the name of the haberdasher that sold it. A glance over a directory at a near-by drugstore, and ten minutes later Howard Nelson was standing before the proprietor of Morris and Co's establishment.

"Yes, that is one of our gloves," said the man (Nelson in the meantime had removed the cotton), "but I can not say to whom we sold it; we keep no book-accounts of cash sales."

"Tell me," said the young detective, "does a Mr. Maddock of Chicago Avenue deal at your store."

"No. I know the man well, but I never saw him in here in my life."

That satisfied Nelson that the glove did not belong to Mr. Maddock, and therefore its owner could be no other than the purloiner of the silverware; moreover, there was the half finger mark to substantiate this conviction. As Nelson walked out of the store he was confident that the only things that stood between him and success were the detection and capture of the owner of that glove. For four days and the greater part of as many nights the young detective patrolled the streets of Omaha vainly looking for the man with half a middle finger on his right hand. He had even formed in his mind a picture of what the man ought to look like, but no such individual had turned up. He was just beginning to lose hope, and to think that the work of a detective in a city of eighty thousand was not so easy after all. He had seen nothing of headquarters or the chief, for he did not wish to go back empty-handed. Moreover, his success would be more complete when all thought that he had failed.

About nine o'clock on the night of the fifth day he was passing Morris and Co's furnishing store — he had been hanging around there frequently expecting that the owner of that glove would come around for a new pair — when an elegantly-dressed man issuing from the store drew his attention. The detective started, for the man looked familiar, then his eye involuntarily fell to the stranger's right hand. It carried a pair of gloves of precisely the same peculiar shade as the one he had in his pocket, and lo! there was the short middle finger for which he had been so fruitlessly searching. Nelson's plans had long been formed; so after a second glance to assure himself of no mistake he stepped up to the gentleman and politely invited him to accompany him to headquarters. The other looked astonished for a moment, then smiled, and said he would be delighted. Nelson was greatly surprised that the other made no resistance and that he was not compelled to employ his handcuffs or call a passing policeman.

The gentleman made a few remonstrances, when a patrol wagon was called, and protested that he could identify himself; but to no purpose. Nelson had heard of such things before. He hustled the prisoner into the wagon and they were off for the station-house.

When they arrived at their destination, the place was deserted except for two drowsy policemen; the chief had left an hour before. When Nelson informed his prisoner that he must spend the night in a cell the latter protested, but all in vain. After safely securing the criminal, the young detective returned to his hotel very much at ease and fully confident that his first case had been most successfully worked out.

Imagine the chief's surprise the next morning when upon being informed that a prisoner had been brought in the night before he found the mayor of Omaha, his most intimate friend, calmly reclining in a dingy cell. The account that the enthusiastic Nelson gave shortly afterward explained matters a little, as did also the revelation by the captain, whose name by the way was Maddock, and who lived at 57, Chicago Avenue, that the silverware robbery was only a scheme he had been employing for many years to try out young detectives; and that the only thing that made it work unpleasantly in this case was the misfortune of the mayor in dropping his glove in the way of a clever novice. Who would not say that the mayor was justly punished for sanctioning such a practice? The chief found other means to test the fitness of the next detective aspirant.

Varsity Verse.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

I LOVED those winter evenings
In the years of long ago,
When the earth was wrapt in slumber
Underneath the driven snow.

When a kind of murky darkness
Ever grew upon the sky,
And along the west horizon
A tinge of blue would lie.

To a host of cherished pictures
My fading memory clings,
But none more charming seems to me
Than those that winter brings.

T. P. I.

TO A FRIEND.

Dear friend, in time we'll drift apart,
Each day we'll meet the new,
But still will linger in my heart
A memory sweet of you.

But time, a power, can ne'er erase
The memory of your name,
And in the future years I'll trace
Our life at Notre Dame.

G. T. S.

IN THE PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR.

When you lie in expectation
Of a slumber for a while,
As the train from out the station
Rumbles, gaining speed each mile;
Then there's nothing so distracting
When you've travelled from afar,
As a snorer who is acting
In the Pullman sleeping car.

And while lying there devising
Just what vicious means to take,
And you're planning and surmising
How the snorer's song to break;
Though his voice at times he smothers
Yet you feel from where you are
You shall tell him "There are others
In the Pullman sleeping car."

When the snorer's song is ended
And the morn has dawned at last
And a baby's cry is blended
With the snoring that is past,
Then, from out your berth, you leaping
Seek the man who dared to mar,
The rest of all those sleeping
In the Pullman sleeping car.

But when out of number seven—
That is half way down the aisle—
Comes a fairy as from heaven
With a blushing morning smile,
Then you feel your anger soaring,
For you know you can not spar,
With the maiden who was snoring
In the Pullman sleeping car.

G. T. S.

RONDEAU.

ON rainy days we're driven inside
With feelings aught but dignified,
And nothing cheery greets our view,
When gazing down the avenue,
For, like us, all the sunbeams hide.

And while the gloom will not subside,
The weather prophet we deride—
'Tis strange, we all feel rather blue
On rainy days.

But still, although we're justified,
In putting all our tasks aside,
Despondent feelings we subdue,
As if such things we never knew,
Howe'er, they can not be denied
On rainy days.

L. M. F.

THAT LITTLE HAND.

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so neat,
I thought my heart would surely break
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my soul.
Can greater solace bring
Than that one which I held last night—
Four aces and a king.

W. E. H.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

Legless, armless; far and near
His mouth seemed split from ear to ear;
Just like a keg of lager beer
His body had a form.

From this description you may take
To mind the figure I would make;
For it was nothing but a fake,
A snow man in the storm.

P. H.

LOVE-LIGHT.

There is a light within her eyes
That gleams like wandering fireflies,
And when she looks at me I see
The love that in those blue depths lies
Is all for me and not for thee.

A. H.

A BIG SMILE.

The harvest days of joy have come
The gladdest of the year;
The farmer quickly gathers corn
And smiles from ear to ear.

W. B. M.

CHARITY.

"I do not believe," said the spectacled dean
To a portly old lady, his wife,
"That ever old Kerr with the sinister mien
A noble deed did in his life."

"You're surely mistaken," she soon made reply,
Though she wished no reflection to throw,
"There is one he befriended,—that, none will deny—
He's a bachelor, sir, you must know."

G. A. F.

Victory or Death.

JAMES R. RECORD, '05.

The handful of patriots who were striving so nobly to wrest Texas from the iron grasp of Mexico had at last been overtaken by the well-fed, superbly drilled soldiers of Santa Anna. Exhausted by urgent marches, weakened from the lack of proper nourishment, and with an epidemic of measles raging in the thin ranks, Houston's scanty band, unable to flee another mile, pitched its tents upon the banks of Buffalo Bayou. Here at San Jacinto occurred the final stand of the patriots in the war of independence.

No flag waved proudly over the Texas bivouac; the drums were still and the bugles silent; two cannons of small calibre were the only artillery in sight, and even the usual tread of sentries was hushed. A few pickets, on the alert for the foe's approach, were the sole signs of activity about the camp. The soldiers wore not uniforms but homespun. Not many of the officers possessed swords, and there was scarcely a horse to be seen; yet one desire, one hope animated all despite the fact that in the hearts of some despair had begun to claim a place.

It seemed barely a month to those weary troops since a multitude of determined pioneers—a multitude indeed when compared with the few that survived, but an insignificant number when placed beside Mexico's hosts—declared that Texas should be a free, independent nation, and offered their lives to make her such. Sam Houston, a personal friend of Andrew Jackson, was elected commander-in-chief of the volunteers; Colonel Travis undertook to defend San Antonio and Fannin was stationed at Goliad.

First the Mexicans had overhauled Travis in the historic Alamo, but it was a dearly-bought victory—at the lowest estimate the dead of the assailants outnumbered the defenders' dead seven to one. Here perished Davy Crockett, Bonham, and other heroes of the border; in fact, not a single Texan who entered the fortress escaped. The slaughter of the wounded and the barbarities practised upon the bodies of the dead acted as a mighty stimulus—the faint echo of which was heard in the war between the United States and Mexico years later—to the remaining patriots. The voice of posterity has been raised in continuous praise of Leonidas and his comrades; yet the world, through ignorance or lack of appreciation, is backward in extending honor to the defenders of the Alamo.

Santa Anna next directed his fury against Fannin at Goliad. Here the Texans huddled together in a small circle, repulsed the cavalry charges and routed the lines of infantry, but deprived of food and drink, they were, after a few days' resistance, obliged to lay down their arms. Despite the articles of surrender, properly drawn up and signed by the opposing commanders and disregarding the primary laws of civilized warfare, the victors massacred the entire Texas army, including Fannin himself. General Houston, fearing the effect that might be produced on his men by this terrible disaster, ordered the messenger who brought the news to be hanged as a spy, though of course the sentence was never carried out.

After the battle of Goliad, the remnant of the Texas army began a hasty retreat, closely pursued by the Mexican forces. At Buffalo Bayou, however, as we have seen, Houston, realizing that further retreat was of no avail, resolved to give battle, although his army was considerably weakened by the ravages of disease and famine. It soon became evident to the Texas commander that his only hope lay in making a sudden charge upon the Mexican camp. This he at once prepared to do. "Deaf" Smith, the famous scout, was sent to destroy the bridge that led over the bayou in the rear of the Texan army; the sick and wounded were placed in charge of a small guard, more to prevent them joining in the battle than to protect them, after which preparations the force was drawn up in battle array. A short time before the battle, Houston delivered a memorable address to his men:

"On three sides," he began, "Mexicans surround you; the rear is blocked by the Bayou, and as Vincent's bridge over the stream is down, retreat is out of the question. It is victory or death! Let 'Remember the Alamo' and 'Remember Goliad' be your war cries. We decide to-day whether Texas shall be free or not. Yonder foe gives no quarter; you should ask none—it is either conquer or die! Remember to-day your comrades, your relatives, your friends that were slaughtered in the Alamo or massacred at Goliad!"

To lose that battle meant to leave wives, children, home in the hands of a dreadful foe; why wonder then at the unconquerable

spirit of those frontiersmen? Each man entered the battle with vengeance in his heart and a shout upon his lips. "Remember the Alamo" or "Avenge Goliad!" rang up and down the advancing columns; very little powder and ball was wasted by Houston's riflemen that morning as the large number of Mexican dead proves, and in some measure Travis and Fannin were avenged.

When their limited supply of ammunition was exhausted the now thoroughly roused patriots dashed upon the enemy with hunting knives or else turned their rifles into clubs. Surprise at first, then consternation and finally terror smote the hearts of the Mexicans. Attempts by their officers to rally them proved futile, and after a half-hearted defence those veterans who had lately humbled the power of Spain, broke in disorderly flight before a few hundred Americans, for Houston's army, with one or two exceptions, was made up of Americans. The rout of Santa Anna, who was wont to style himself the "Napoleon of the West," was complete, and the independence of Texas was assured. Costly equipment, up-to-date artillery and small arms, plentiful supplies of provisions and clothing fell into the hands of the impoverished victors.

The number of prisoners taken at the battle of San Jacinto was larger than the entire Texas army at that time; then when we take into account the dead and those Mexicans who escaped, we can form some idea as to how greatly the victorious army was outnumbered. The "Napoleon of the West" himself made a great effort to escape, but was discovered and brought into camp by a private soldier. The true character of the man and his complicity in the massacre at Goliad were revealed by his actions during the first days of his captivity. Some there were who advised an immediate execution, but cooler judgment prevailed, and within a few years Santa Anna and his fellow-captives were released. Although Mexico made many subsequent attempts to regain her lost province, Texas nevertheless succeeded in preserving her independent existence until the annexation to the United States.

IF some higher power should do for thee at once, all that thou hopest and desirest to do, life would lose its zest: and in all success there is something of this disenchantment.—*Spalding*.

A Reflection.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.

AT times by day I wonder why it is
The choicest fair must ever soonest fade,
The dearest friend our bitterest foe be made;
That each past pleasant hour should be forgot
When e'en the barest cloud o'ershades our lot;
Kind deeds, mere doing which is rich return,
Oft find the fewer bent their way to learn;
That sacrifice must yet be made the more
By him distressed who took the brunt before.
At times by night I wonder why it is
A patient Father still has hope to win
Ungrateful souls from errant path and sin.

Miami.

MAURICE F. GRIFFIN, 04.

On the bank of the Maumee River, a few miles from Toledo is the old village of Miami. Its location is ideal, from a picturesque standpoint, just at a bend of the river, in a little valley formed by the creek coming down. It seems shut in from the world around it; and once within its confines you can hardly realize that this is almost a suburb of the "Lady of the Lakes,"—only half a score of miles away. You can not believe that through this little village passes the great highway between two great marts.

But the attraction of Miami is not in its quiet seclusion, or its strange, old-fashioned ways, but far more in its historical associations. As you come upon it you first see the old brick courthouse built in colonial style with massive pillars and extended porch. Here the official business of the third county in Ohio was first transacted, and under this spacious portico in the days of circuit riding gathered the leading jurists of the state. Here in the early twenties the pioneers laid the foundation of our local institutions.

Beyond the court-house, in the yard to the right, is a large memorial pointing out Dudley's battlefield, where in the Indian wars, the brave Colonel Dudley and his regiment to a man were slain in a vain attempt to check a savage uprising.

But most picturesque of all is old Fort Miami, built on a bluff overlooking the river as well as the surrounding land. On the opposite shore, in the days of the traders, an

Indian village stood, and at this point the first ford of the Maumee was found. So here met the explorer, the missionary and the trader, as they followed the trail along the shore of Lake Erie south from the settlement at Fort Wayne, now Detroit. After a brief stop at the Indian village for food and refreshment they would strike into the forest to the south, for the settlements on the Ohio. Later on, when war and not trade became the game to be played in the great central valley, all points of vantage were seized upon and fortified. Soon the uncertain trail which led through the marshy land to the ford became a corduroy military road over which troops and supplies could be hurried with despatch. Then Fort Miami came to be a place of importance. It guarded the crossing of the river, it covered the roadway between the Lakes and the Ohio. It had been built during the Indian wars, and under the shadow of its walls "Mad Anthony" Wayne had fought the decisive battle of Fallen Timbers. In the war of 1812, it was repeatedly besieged by the English; for with the surrender of Detroit by Hull it stood as the outpost, the vanguard opposing the invaders.

But it has done its work, its day is passed, and now the outlines of the fortress can be traced only with difficulty. The rampart which rises from the water's edge is still clearly seen, but in the centre of the one-time fortress an orchard has grown up; and on the side nearest the road in the old trenches a corn field flourishes.

Such is Miami, past and present. Too little of her past is in evidence to leave its impress upon the present, and yet her present seems strangely linked with the past. Withal, the village enjoys a quiet old age; observant of the changed times, it may be, but yet, content to live in the pleasant memory of its former glory and importance.

Old Jesse.

ERNEST A. DAVIS, '04.

The most peculiar character in my part of the city, indeed, in any part of it, is a quiet and unpretending old negro known as Jesse Thompson. Born and raised a slave, Jesse was a middle-aged man before he began to realize the happiness of freedom. After the war, this ignorant and nameless creature was liberated by his owner and forced to find a means of gaining his own livelihood. Jesse was already a physical wreck, but in spite of this drawback, he managed to earn enough to enable him to purchase three small properties in the city. All these years Jesse has kept himself alive by the rent that these houses bring him. How old he is, neither I nor anyone else knows,—not even the old man himself. Jesse never saw his parents and remembers little of his boyhood except that it was associated with numerous floggings. "School" is a word that has entered his vocabulary in comparatively recent years. You may call this man illiterate if you will, but I have frequently heard it said by men capable of judging that Jesse Thompson is better posted on political questions both past and present than the average speaker of the county. Of course, he is not a recognized authority in his line, but his opinions have had, in many instances, a great deal to do with those of the negro population of the city.

Jesse is not a public talker in the sense that he ascends the platform of the city hall, but as he drags himself along toward town, a crowd slowly gathers around him and persuades him to give them a few opinions on the leading current questions. Often have I seen the old man, whose broken-down frame still rises over six feet above the ground, trudging along with the aid of a stick, behind a small cart in which he carries a few lumps of coal. At a block, one would scarcely perceive that he was moving at all. A dappled-gray ulster that was once the stylish frock of his master, but is now a mass of patches, coveres his form and flaps around his frail legs in the breeze. An old loppy straw hat that was seedy a decade ago and is now decorated only by a few tufts of cindery, gray hair, serves to set off his miserable-looking and care-worn face.

Everybody knows Jesse and pauses to exchange a few words with him. Sometimes a crowd gathers around and compels the old man to speak. Then leaning upon the old cart he proceeds in his raspy voice to advance arguments for or against a certain measure and emphasizes them by means of his stick. His talks are usually short, but in every case satisfactory. When finished he begins to propel his big, flat feet and shoves on amid the cheers of his listeners. His honesty and happy disposition have won him many friends among young and old.

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—Our splendid showing against Northwestern has revived discussion of our right to a place in the "big" league of the Western colleges. Since these organized, Notre Dame has been barred, though on what grounds we know not. The rules governing athletics here are as stringent and as faithfully followed as are those that obtain in any institution represented in the "Big Nine." True, we are not so numerous; but in past competitions with more largely attended colleges, our athletes were seldom obliged to take a back seat. Why then is Notre Dame excluded? Some say on account of prejudice. We do not believe it. Our relations with these colleges, especially with Purdue and Northwestern, have been and are of the most cordial nature. We would not advert to the question of admission at all did not a certain Chicago paper take advantage of an incident in Saturday's game to criticize harshly our team and reflect on Notre Dame. But we do not think the comments were inspired by anyone prominently connected with Northwestern, nor, indeed, with any institution of note.

On the same day in the Yale-Princeton game a much more serious violation occurred. And as in Chicago, those who indulged in the dubious pastime were, after all, none the worse friends. Generally, it is a falling out that all the more endears. The incident is far too trifling to furnish anything more than newspaper copy. While we may wish to be admitted to the "big" college conference, we do not advocate any undue persuasion. Self-respect is never gained by dangling at the coat-tails of another. Let us continue as we have been doing to adhere strictly to the rules governing college athletics, to send out teams whose record will compare favorably with the best. Thus we may save ourselves the trouble of applying for admission; the "Big Nine" may extend us an invitation.

—The reception given the football team and accompanying students by the Notre Dame Alumni of Chicago last Saturday is something that we may well keep in mind. It is a happening that will be more and more kindly remembered as the years come. The demonstration throughout—the banquet, the speeches and the presence of so many of the "old boys"—was not only a tribute to the representatives of Notre Dame on the gridiron, but to Notre Dame herself. Primarily, of course, the alumni took opportunity to show their appreciation of the superb work of Salmon and his men whose brilliant playing made the Northwestern game an epoch in the history of football in the West. That the occasion was improved to the fullest may be inferred from the comments of the team and the students as to the treatment they received. However, we must not forget that the underlying sentiment was loyalty to Notre Dame; that it was in memory of her, in gratitude for days that are gone, in appreciation of her sturdy men, that the Chicago Alumni proved their devotion and loyalty on Saturday. The point is that when we get out into the world, may we be as loyal, as true, as full of good fellowship and warm sympathy for Notre Dame's men of that day and as mindful of what they represent as are her present graduates in the great city of the West. Well may Notre Dame say to her Alumni "ye are loyal sons."

—This year's lecture list leads us to conclude that many profitable hours await us. These exercises have a very important place in our curriculum, and we should turn them to the best account. All that is required of us is attention. If we give this and bring away some ideas that will stimulate thought, our time at the lectures will be well spent.

Notre Dame vs. Northwestern.

Last Saturday on the American League Ball Grounds, Chicago, the football representatives of Notre Dame and Northwestern contended for supremacy in a game that resulted in a tie. Each team had an enviable record, and the prestige at stake, combined with the large number of followers both have in the Western metropolis, provoked unusual interest. In McCornack, Northwestern has one of the best football experts in the country, while Notre Dame, without any special coach. was tutored by Salmon, Holland and McWeeney.

That our men are made of the right material and well versed in football theory and practice was attested by their work on Saturday. It was generally conceded that no finer defensive exhibition was ever seen in the West, if indeed anywhere. Both teams played straight football almost throughout, and the sensational element was not lacking. Lonergan's end runs, McGlew's and O'Shaughnessy's tackling, Salmon's defense and the brilliant all-around work of Captain Fleager and Colton of Northwestern, gave the most fastidious spectator full value for his money.

Did we not know the disposition of our men we might deem it invidious to single out any one player, or set of players, for particular notice. The linemen — those too often overlooked in reports—never flinched and played a splendid game from start to finish. So too did our speedy little quarterback, Silver; but why go further? Captain Salmon put the matter in a nutshell in his speech at the Sherman House when he said that all deserve equal credit; that if anyone acquitted himself less ably the battle was lost.

The team, accompanied by Manager Daly and Trainer Holland, arrived at the Victoria Hotel, Chicago, Friday evening, and at the appointed hour on Saturday set out for the scene of battle. They reached the League Ball Grounds just as the crowd was pouring in, and were lustily cheered and trumpeted by the good-humored spectators, amongst whom were several hundred students who had journeyed up from Notre Dame. The weather was clear and crisp, but owing to the car strike the attendance in the beginning was rather disappointing. Later, however, the benches filled, and here and there was a plentiful sprinkling of fair ones whose gaze seldom wandered from the knights on the gridiron. Ardent partisans they were, too, making the stands a riot of color with flags and ribands at every brilliant play.

THE GAME.

Colton kicked off for Northwestern. The ball sailed to Notre Dame's ten-yard line and Lonergan returned it fifteen. Two successive smashes forced the Purple to yield three yards, but on the next play Notre Dame was penalized twenty for holding. This brought the ball to our eight-yard line and obliged Salmon to punt. He sent the leather to Northwestern's forty-five yard line and the Purple backs advanced fifteen. Colton tried a place kick on the thirty-yard line, but the ball fell short, and Nyere ran it back ten yards. McGlew and Nyere failed to gain on the left and Salmon punted. Shaughnessy took advantage of McCann's fumble on the forty-five yard line and secured the ball for Notre Dame. The play now became fast and exciting and gave promise of a close and well-contested struggle.

Notre Dame was penalized twenty yards for offside, but Lonergan more than made up for the loss by circling the end for twenty-five yards on a fake-line plunge. He followed this up with a try at centre. The ball was fumbled, and McCann getting possession ran to the Notre Dame twenty-five yard line where he was thrown by Silver. The Purple star, Fleager, made eight yards through our line and Colton added four. After Northwestern lost twenty for holding, McCann dashed through for fifteen, and the Purple suffered another penalty. Then Fleager, Colton and McCann tried our ends, and being repulsed, Colton punted. Salmon went through Allen for three yards; Nyere gained one and Lonergan added two. Salmon piled on four and Lonergan, baffling Weinberger, shook off the opposing tackles by a desperate effort and ran forty-five yards for a touchdown.

The supporters of the Gold and Blue applauded rapturously, but their delight was short-lived. The lynx-eyed officials ruled that Salmon used his hands in interference and Lonergan's brilliant dash for touchdown was disallowed. The ball was brought back to the forty-yard line, and McCornack substituted Rueber and Williamson for Blair and Weinberger. Notre Dame lost the ball on downs. Colton went past tackle for fifteen, but McCann was thrown back for a loss, and Salmon secured the ball on a fumble. The Purple line proved impregnable, and the ball

went over. The Northwestern backs stormed our line, and it seemed impossible to withstand the attack. Three first downs followed in their favor, bringing the ball to our twenty-four yard line.

Fansler, battered and bruised, was unable to continue play, and Furlong took his place at guard. Fleager and Colton carried the ball to our nine-yard line on three savage plunges. A touchdown seemed imminent, and gloom overspread the Notre Dame supporters. McCornack's offensive machine looked irresistible. The Evanstonian rooters were calling wildly for a touchdown, and better to respond to their request, McCann gathered the Northwestern players about him for consultation. In a few seconds play was resumed. Fleager was hurled against centre: one yard was the result. Colton next took the ball, and his splendid effort met with the same stubborn defense. This marvelous work by Notre Dame amazed the wearers of the Purple. One more savage attack and the ball went over; but the exhibition just past was tame with what was to come.

Notre Dame failed twice in an attempt to gain and Salmon punted. The kick was blocked, Northwestern getting the ball on the two-yard line, and once more our defense was to fail or triumph. This time Northwestern felt certain of a touchdown, but in three trials they advanced the ball only as many feet. The adherents of both teams stood up in the benches and cheered Salmon and his devoted band to the echo. But the severest test of all was yet to follow. In attempting to punt, Salmon was handicapped for want of space, and the ball went out of bounds on the five-yard line. Again the Northwestern backs renewed the attack and flung themselves on the Notre Dame defense. "Hold them! hold them!" went up from the throats of a thousand anxious rooters in the stand back of the goal. The inspiring advice was followed to the letter. Stronger even than before Notre Dame not only kept its ground but hurled Northwestern backward. The Purple supporters were dumfounded. The Notre Dame benches thundered applause, and with the finest exhibition of defensive playing on record the first half was over.

SECOND HALF

opened with Salmon booting to Northwestern's eight-yard line. The ball was fumbled, but Reuber recovered and forged ahead for fifteen. A series of straight line-bucks and cross-tackle plunges carried the leather slowly down the field to the Purple thirty-five yard line where Notre Dame held. Colton went back for a punt, and a poor pass resulting he was downed by Steiner. Two attempts by our backs netted but a trifling gain and on the third down we were penalized twenty yards for holding. Soon afterward a like penalty was imposed on the Purple which forced Colton to punt. Nyere caught and was thrown, and Lonergan being next called upon responded with a run of fifteen yards around end.

The Northwestern line withstood the fierce attacks of Nyere and Salmon, and on the thirty-five yard line the Notre Dame captain fell back to try a drop kick. The rooters were stilled. The ball had scarcely left Salmon's foot when it was blocked by Allen who had broken through, and Notre Dame's hopes of scoring were again shattered. Salmon regaining the ball punted, and the Purple advanced to the forty-yard line. Again Salmon punted, sending the leather fifty yards to McCann who was at once downed by McGlew. Carlson now replaced Bell at centre, the latter going to right guard, and Garrett, badly used up, went out. An exchange of plays followed until finally Notre Dame got possession on her thirty-yard line. Salmon punted and McCann catching was again brought to earth by McGlew.

Now came Northwestern's brilliant offense. The scene of the battle was shifted to Notre Dame territory. By a series of battering-tackle plays and sensational line hurdling the Purple advanced the ball a total of fifty yards before being stopped. The play became so close and exciting that the officials were obliged to measure the distance after almost every third down, and in some cases it was only by inches that McCornack's men managed to retain the pigskin. From the Purple benches came the clamor, "Touchdown! touchdown!" and the Gold and Blue answered with the slogan, "Hold 'em! hold 'em!" and hold them Notre Dame did on the thirty-five yard line. Salmon punted, and for the third time McGlew blocked McCann's attempt to advance. Another attack on Notre Dame's goal line proved a failure.

At this juncture Captain Fleager and Nyere came in contact, and both were forced to retire. McDermott went in for Notre Dame and Wilson for Northwestern. The Purple

hammered our line and made occasional attempts to break through tackles, but their efforts were fruitless. Later they tried cross-tackle bucks through McDermott and again failed, after which they were forced to yield the ball to our defense. McGlew was given the leather on the next play, and in a jiffy circled end, but was forced out of bounds as the whistle blew and brought one of the best games ever witnessed on a Western gridiron to a close.

THE LINE-UP.

NORTHWESTERN			NOTRE DAME
Weinberger	R E	L E	McGlew
Allen	R T	L T	Cullinan
Garrett, Bell	R G	L G	Beacom
Bell, Carlson	C	C	Sheehan
Phillips	L G	R G	Fansler, Furlong
Kafer	L T	R T	Steiner
Peckumn	L E	R E	Shaughnessy
McCann	Q B	Q B	Silver
Blair, Reuber	R H	L H	Lonergan
Colton	L H	R H	Nyere, McDermot
Fleager, C.; Wilson	F B	F B	Salmon, Capt.

Score—Northwestern, 0; Notre Dame, 0. Place and Date—American league-ball grounds, Nov. 14. Referee—Sheehan., Brown. Umpire—Hadden, Michigan. Linesman—McMillan, Chicago. Time of Halves—thirty-five minutes.

P.

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OPINIONS OF THE GAME.

Prominent officials and players spoke as follows after the game:

Coach M'Cornack, Northwestern:—It was the hardest game we have played this season and the Notre Dame team is the best we have met. Their defense was as great an exhibition of football as I have ever seen.

Athletic Director Butterworth, Northwestern:—It was the hardest football game I have ever seen. The defense of both teams was great, and that of Notre Dame was almost a marvel. I think each team should be proud of the showing it has made.

Referee Sheehan:—It was the finest exhibition of football that I have seen this fall. The teams were equally matched. Notre Dame's defense on their one-yard line was superb; it has not, in my mind, been equalled this year. At times Northwestern's offense was irresistible and its defense was like a stone wall.

Captain Fleager, Northwestern:—I expected a hard game, but not as hard as the game turned out to be. Notre Dame's team played a defensive game at critical times that could not be beat. Our team played the best defensive and offensive game it has played this year.

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PRESS COMMENTS.

The surprise of Saturday's games was the tie played by Notre Dame and Northwestern. Hitherto Notre Dame has not been considered fit to be classed with the big nine, and every endeavor of the Indiana college to gain admittance has been blocked. The game the Notre Dame men played Saturday places them in a noteworthy position. It is the only eleven in the country whose goal line has not been crossed this season.—*Inter-Ocean* (Nov. 16).

All the Northwestern University players, and Coach McCornack as well, unite in declaring that the Notre Dame team, which they played Saturday, was the strongest they have met this year. The purple was in the best condition and was playing the best ball it has put up this year, but was not able to score because of the wonderful defense of the Hoosiers, and not because of any slump the team has taken or because they had an "off day."—*Record-Herald* (Nov. 16).

Northwestern had the ball in Notre Dame territory practically all the first half, and at the end of that period had so many opportunities to score that the defense by which Notre Dame prevented a touchdown deserves to be called phenomenal. Usually when a team stops its opponents on downs inside the ten yard line, the ball is punted out of danger temporarily, and the defenders get a chance to recover a little from the strain of their final stand. Not so on Saturday. A blocked punt immediately gave Northwestern a second chance to score, this time with only three yards to advance. Notre Dame stopped the ball six inches ftom its goal. Then a kick out of bounds immediately gave Northwestern a third chance for a touchdown, this time from the five-yard line. Instead of giving way under this triple strain, the visiting players actually threw Northwestern back for a loss, the half ending there. Such an exhibition of a plucky and sustained fighting spirit is a rarity in football, and earned Notre Dame its right to an even break, although it was otherwise outplayed by the purple.—*Tribune* (Nov. 16).

Salmon was certainly the hero of the day. On defense it was he who caught the Northwestern backs and pushed them back as they came through the line. He broke up the purple interference, and several times he downed McCann and Colton when long gains would otherwise certainly have resulted.—*Record-Herald* (Nov. 15).

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The Northwestern players deserve credit for the plucky manner in which they continued the struggle after meeting our stonewall defense. The phenomenal stand of Notre Dame at the goal-line three times in succession was enough to discourage even the strongest, but the Purple players kept on even harder than before.

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Our rooters were there strong. In this department we far excelled the Northwestern partisans.

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Captain Fleager of Northwestern and halfbacks Colton and Rueber did some of the best hurdling ever seen on a college gridiron.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Chicago Alumni Hospitality.

After the game the football players and their supporters met at the Victoria Hotel, where Frank O'Shaughnessy of the class of 1900 announced the programme of the evening's entertainment.

Supper being over at the hotel, the party repaired to the Chicago Opera House, where Ezra Kendall, in his famous production, "The Vinegar Buyer," furnished a two hours' laugh. The performance over, the team and students surrendered themselves as the guests of the Alumni Association, and were conducted to the College Inn in the Sherman House where a banquet awaited them. This was the crowning of Chicago hospitality. At the large table which was set, the football team was given the place of honor, Captain Salmon occupying the head of the board. A spirit of good fellowship marked the occasion. The alumni of twenty and thirty years ago chatted with the students of to-day, and told stories of the Notre Dame of their time. There was no formality. The visitors were made to feel as much at home as if seated in the college refectory. The banqueters demonstrated that they had not spent their voices at the game, and sent up cheer after cheer for Captain Salmon and his fellow warriors. The speaking of the occasion referred mainly to the magnificent work of the team. The hope was universally expressed that at the next meeting of the conference of colleges, Notre Dame would be admitted.

Joseph J. Sullivan of the class '01 was toastmaster of the evening. His recollections of Notre Dame, told in a vivid and humorous vein, kept his hearers in roars of laughter. The first man called upon to speak was Daniel Casey of the class of '95. "Dan" was the editor of the SCHOLASTIC in his time, and for two years captain of the football team. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the work Notre Dame is doing, not only in the athletic field, but in every line of college activity. Kickham Scanlan of the class of '79 was called upon for a few remarks, and gave a contrast between the Notre Dame of to-day and the less progressive institution of his time. The members of the football team were each called upon, and responded by expressing their hearty thanks to the Alumni Association of Chicago for their hospitality and encouragement. The other men called on for speeches were W. Grady, M. O'Shaughnessy, R. Lynch, H. Kirby, C. Mitchell, B. Kanaley, H. Brown, B. Daly, A. Stephan, W. Draper, T. Holland, J. P. O'Reilly and P. MacDonough.

The speakers, while giving the Notre Dame players their well-merited praise, were not slow in admitting the srength and pluck of the Northwesterners. The audience, too, were generous with applause for the plucky wearers of the Purple.

In calling upon Frank O'Shaughnessy to make the concluding remarks, Joseph Sullivan explained that to Frank O'Shaughnessy was due much of the credit for the enthusiasm stirred up among Notre Dame's supporters in Chicago; that he spared no pains in advertising the game, and that by enlisting the co-operation of the other Notre Dame graduates he brought Notre Dame into such prominence in Chicago as she has never before attained.

The party broke up about two o'clock Sunday morning, everyone convinced that he had spent one of the most enjoyable nights of his life. All thanks to the Notre Dame Alumni Association of Chicago!

Following is a list of the alumni and students who attended the banquet:

Francis O'Shaughnessy, Daniel V. Casey, Joseph J. Sullivan, Clement C. Mitchell, Hugh O'Neill, Kickham Scanlan, Wm. McNichols, Thomas T. Cavanagh, John S. Hummer, James M. Burns, James F. Kennedy, George Cooke, D. P. O'Leary, Daniel Donahoe, W. E. Baldwin, J. V. O'Donnell, T. Holland, N. Silver, F. J. Lonergan, M. L. Fansler, P. A. Beacom, A. E. Steiner, C. J. Sheehan, A. C. Stephan, Louis J. Salmon, B. M. Daly, J. J. Cullinan, R. E. Lynch, F. J. Shaughnessy, R. A. Krost, H. E. Brown, M. O'Shaughnessy, F. J. Barry, L. J. Toohey, W. F. Dwan, P. MacDonough, B. V. Kanaley, J. J. Flaherty, J. L. Lamprey, F. J. Kasper, A. B. Eustace, W. A. Stevens, J. P. O'Reilly, W. K. Gardiner, J. E. Selig, T. E. Noonan, H. E. Kirby, R. F. Perkins, L. E. Wagner, L. J. Mulvey, J. F. Shea, B. S. Fahy, J. H. Silver, H. D. Patterson, G. Kasper, A. J. Kasper, Jr., E. J. Darst, E. E. McCarthy, C. J.Connor, W. McNichols, D. L. Murphy, M. J. Shea, J. F. Lantry, W. Emerson, R. Vincent, T. A. Lally, T. Cahill, G. T. Stanford, M. J. Kenefick, J. T. Keeffe, J. J. Fitzgibbon, J. G. McCarthy, J.Dinnen, J. Barry, C. A.Winter, J. F. Edwards, W. F. Connor, J. W. Newman, J. Powers, Jr., J. A. Coghlin, W. A. Draper, R. D. Donovan, J. O'Phelan, E. Conway, A. Funk, G. B. Niezer, H. W. Zolper, C. McDonald, L. Antoine, H. Rothwell, W. J. Grady.

F. J. B.

Personals.

—Rev. M. J. Gleason of Boston was a guest of the University during the week.

—Charles Foley has charge of the sewing machine factory of Foley and Co. at Kankakee, Illinois.

—A. A. Cooper, student '84, is engaged in business as a member of the firm of Cooper and Co., Dubuque, Iowa.

—George W. Myers, who was a student at Notre Dame in the '80's is the leading member of the firm of Myers, Cox and Co., Minneapolis.

—Frank J. Weisenberger, student in the '80's, has removed with his family to Chicago where he is engaged in business with the firm of B. A. Ralton.

—Louis and Fred Chute, students '90, '91 are doing a flourishing business in real estate in Minneapolis. They recently made a valuable contribution of books to the library, for which we thank them.

—W. L. Sanford, who was a Minim in '99, is now catcher on the Barago Baseball Team, which organization is backed by John Nestor, who in his day was a trusty player on the Notre Dame nine.

—Visitors' registry for the week:—Mr. and Mrs. Gustave A. Louie, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. T. S. Lamb, Buchanan, Michigan; Mrs. David Walsh and Miss Ella E. Walsh, Chicago; Miss Ruby Powell, Mrs. Marie McNeil.

—Jasper Lawton, who has been a student here for the past twelve years, entering in the Minim Department, was called away from school during the past week. His very many friends here wish him every success, and hope that they may have the pleasure of meeting him again in the near future.

—Rev. Dr. E. B. Kilroy, the oldest living graduate of Notre Dame, is now at Stratford, Ontario., rapidly recovering from a severe illness. We hope he will be soon well enough to pay us a visit, and see the improvements that have made Notre Dame so different from the University of his time. We also pray that he may be spared to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his ordination which occurs next year.

Local Items.

—The boilers in the steam-house are being fitted out with new grates. The students may expect an enjoyable winter.

—The Carroll Hall Specials defeated the "Locust Street Stars" of South Bend last Thursday by a score of 12 to 0; the work of Kreer and Fox were the features.

—The Western club, accompanied by Father Hennessy, enjoyed a car ride to Elkhart last Thursday. A full account of the trip will appear in next week's issue of this paper.

—A force of men, under the direction of Brother Hugh, have been at work the past two weeks in the large gymnasium. The running track and interior have been recovered with loam and rolled down, putting the gym in fine condition for indoor baseball practice and track work.

—The local painters are at present busily engaged in retouching the main departments of Holy Cross Hall. Heretofore, the daylight has been considerably obscured by the dark paper that covered the walls, and the new colors will undoubtedly add cheerfulness to the rooms as well as to their occupants.

—That Notre Dame is thoroughly abreast with the times in the use of the latest improved agricultural implements is evidenced by the fact that the newest acquisition to her large supply of farm machinery is a large gang-plow. This plow turns five furrows at a time, and a steam engine will take the place of horses.

—Who has not noticed that this year the oaks have been stripped of their leaves more completely than ever before. The rusty foliage of the oak usually stays on until the new leaves make their appearance, but this year the first frosts were so heavy that the tender stems were bitten too deeply to withstand the weight.

—The delightful fall weather that we have been enjoying has at last been brought to a close by the customary icy winds that blow across St. Mary's lake. On Tuesday night a half inch of snow fell. Since then the temperature has been gradually lowering, and on Thursday morning the thermometer registered fifteen above zero. The present outlook seems to foretell a severe winter.

—The Sergeant-at-Arms of the senior Parliamentary Law class wishes to inform all the members that he intends to carry out the duties of his office and enforce all regulations rigidly. Anyone who stamps on the floor, places his feet on the bench in front of him or causes any disturbance will be expelled immediately from the room. The Sergeant will tend to all offenders personally.

—The State Oratorical Board met Nov. 13, at the Denison Hotel, Indianapolis. Mr. Byron Kanaley, Notre Dame's former representative, having resigned, Mr. Thomas D. Lyons was appointed to the position, and elected treasurer of the Association. The board selected for judges on manuscript are: President Wheeler of California University, Prof. Baker of Harvard, and Prof. Scott of Michigan. The Intercollegiate Contest takes place February 5, 1904.

—Louis F. Salmon, President of the New York State Club, has appointed an executive committee composed of the following: James P. Fehan, Byron V. Kanaley and Patrick J. MacDonough. The committee will be intrusted with the arrangements for the annual banquet to be held in the Hotel Oliver, and it is hoped the other members will co-operate with them in repeating the success of last year.

—Have you noticed how many students passing to and from class gaze vacantly at the clock in the church tower? Sadness pervades their hearts, for the chimes that ushered in each fleeting hour of the last two months are heard no more. But though we no longer hear their "oft-recurring "rhythm," let us hope that when the May days come and the verdant mantle o'erspreads the earth we shall again enjoy their soothing chime.

—The Moot-Court will hold its first weekly session this evening. It is the desire of Dean Hoynes to follow as closely as possible the mode of procedure in this state. Accordingly, all students having cases are especially requested to attend, so that a docket may be prepared for the December term of court and cases tried in the order they appear thereon. We would again urge upon the members of the different law classes the necessity of attending the sessions of this court. The foundation is laid here of success in the practice of the profession of law, and no student who is desirous of securing the best results can afford to neglect his opportunity.

—A large and enthusiastic gathering of "Hoosiers" met Thursday evening to form an Indiana club. New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and the Western states have already organized, and for some time the representatives of Indiana have been contemplating the organization they perfected Thursday evening. Although the society is modelled after the fraternal organizations now in existence at the University, their purpose is somewhat different. The election of officers resulted as follows: Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Honorary President; Rev. James Ready, C. S. C., Spiritual Adviser; Harry J. Hogan, President; Charles Rush, Vice-President; Michael Fansler, Treasurer; Walter Stevens, Secretary. Committee on Entertainment: J. J. O'Connor, C. Neizer, Francis Conboy, M. Fansler, R. E. Proctor.

—Wednesday eyening the Saint Joseph Literary Society held a very interesting session. The affirmative of the question, "Resolved that municipal ownership is undesirable," was supported by J. I. O'Phelan and W. F. Robinson, while T. Welsh and J. W. Sheehan defended the negative. The decision having been unanimously given in favor of the affirmative the programme was continued. After a piano solo by W. Pierce, T. Collier introduced the question of the annexation of Canada. The next number was an able oration by W. F. Robinson, his subject being "The international position of the Pope." The speaker received commendation for research and good delivery. Following this number were some appropriate remarks by Brother Florian which elicited much applause. Messrs. Sherry and Proctor also contributed to the evening's entertainment. The society promises a very interesting programme at the next meeting.

—The following new time table of the South Bend and Southern Michigan Railway Co. may prove useful to many of our readers:—

GOING NORTH		GOING SOUTH	
Leave S. Bend	L've St. Mary's	L've Niles	L've St. M's.
6:00 A. M.	6:10 A. M.	6:45 A. M.	7:10 A. M.
7:30	7:40	8:15	8:40
8:15	8:25	9:00	9:25
9:00	9:10	9:45	10:10
9:45	9:55	10:30	10:55
10:30	10:40	11:15	11:40
11:15	11:25	12:00 M.	12:25 P. M.
12:00 M.	12:10 P. M	12:45 P. M.	1:10
12:45 P. M.	12:55	1:30	1:55
1:30	1:40	2:15	2:40
2:15	2:25	3:00	3:25
3:00	3:10	3:45	4:10
3:45	3:55	4:30	4:55
4:30	4:40	5:15	5:40
5:15	5:25	6:00	6:25
6:00	6:10	6:45	7:10
6:45	6:55	7:30	7:55
7:30	7:40	8:15	8:40
8:15	8:25	9:00	9:25
9:00	9:10	10:15	10:40
11:00	11:10	11:30	11:55

—While last Saturday's game was in progress and the Notre Dame contingent cheered their team from the sidelines, there was another anxious gathering farther from the scene of action but no less enthusiastic. This was in Washington Hall where the students assembled to learn the result of the game. A private wire was chartered for the occasion, and the reports sent in every five minutes were read to the audience by Messrs. Lyons, Record and Quinlan. The excitement was intense, particularly when Northwestern, with the ball almost on our goal line failed to gain. When "Notre Dame's ball" was announced, cheers "for Lonergan, "for Salmon, "for the whole team," broke from the audience. During the intermission between reports, Messrs. Scales and Gallart were called upon for piano selections to relieve the suspense. Mr. Daniel Murphy, Notre Dame's representative to the Purdue Memorial Exercises, made a few remarks on the friendship exhibited by Purdue toward Notre Dame. Let us hope that this spirit will continue, and that the years '03–'04 will be remembered not only for the excellence of the athletic teams but also for the enthusiastic support given these teams in football, baseball and track work.